## **Both Sides**

The Shield

By Major ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

One of the Heroes of the Titanic and President Taft's Military Aid.

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#### **SYNOPSIS**

Palmer, a Boston newspaper man, is sent to Georgia to report social and indus-trial conditions in a series of letters to his paper. Colonel Turpin, a southerner, thinks Palmer is a lawyer and has come to foreclose the Turpin plantation's mort-

Palmer undeceives him, and the cotonel, thinking that Palmer is a kinsman, in-vites him to be his guest at the Pines. Palmer meets Ellen and Bud Turpin and is hospitably received.

He becomes interested in Ellen and learns that the Turpin home is in grave peril through lack of funds. He wants to confess that he is not really a kinsman. but falls to to --

Squire Hawkins, an elderly man, is courting Ellen. A party is planned in bonor of Palmer, who writes his impressions of the place for his paper.

Ellen wears an old brocade gown at the party, and Palmer falls in love with her Ellen and her friends take him to the

"You are my queen tonight," Palmer tells her, but she will not permit him to avow his love. He fears she intends marrying the squire to save the old hon Ellen thinks Palmer has ridiculed her

and her family in one of his newspaper articles and commands him to leave her and never return. Palmer secretly acquires the Turpir mortgage to protect the place for Ellen.

volunteers for service in the wer He becomes ill in camp, and Ellen for-gives and nurses him. They become rec-onelled, and there is a wedding in pros-

CHAPTER VIII.

Weary Weeks of Waiting,

HEN began the weary weeksand months, it seemed to some of use of waiting. The excitement of enlisting and drilling the men, organizing the companies and getting the recruits uniformed acted on me like a tonic. I ceased to brood over my disappointment, and, while my love for Miss Ellen was as great as ever, yet I felt that I had regained my manhood, and the war spirit, once aroused in me, drove me like a master. The day of quitting the state was a sad one for many, but it was not so for me. My heart bounded with joy when the order for our movement was read at headquarters. Of all the officers I think I was the only one whose departure was not blessed with tears of mother, eister or sweetheart. My father, now old and feeble, came to see me, and his eyes became wet as he beheld me for the first time in my uniform and folded me in his arms. My mother had long been dead-in fact, I could scarcely remember her at all Before saying goodby to my father I gave him a letter and made him promise that should anything happen to me he would send it to the address on the envelope

He looked at me sadly for a moment and eaid:

"Does she live in the south, Howard. and is that why you have stayed away so long?

I told him yes and turned away my head that he might not see what it had cost me to speak of her. He laid his hand gently on my shoulder and said. "We Palmers have never been lucky there, my son," and I thought I understood many little things in his life and knew then why he never had anything but what was kind to say of that southern country when he heard it under discussion. I grasped his hand and held it for a moment.

"May God protect you and bring you safe to me again," was all he said

Our regiment was only ordered to Comp Meade, but it was a start. The days there were dreary ones, and I shall never forget the shout our boys put up when the order which turned our face to Camp Thomas, at Chicksmaussa, was read to them. It set our blood on fire, and I cannot repress my feelings of state pride even now when I recall the happy faces of those Bay State fellows as they prepared to shoulder their muskets and start for the south. A majority of the regiment wanted to be brigaded with other regiments from Massachusetts, but with wisdom and foresight the chief executive commanded that the troops from also, the north should be brigaded with those from the south and west. It typhoid raged with deadly effect dur-was a wise policy that threw the men ing that long, cruel summer. One evenfrom Michigan with those from Texas, ing I went to bed feverish and not feeland those from California with those ing myself at all. The day had been from Maine and Vermont, and the men one of horror in the camp, and disfrom Massachusetts with the honest patches were flying between headquarfellows from Georgia. The spirit of ters and the war department. The friendship which had been growing for evening shades brought no relief to the over thirty years was to be cemented tired soldiers. No one seemed to be by an alliance against a common ene- asleep, and the men were stretched my. This was how we found ourselves outside their dog tents. The ground in the same brigade with a Georgia was dry and hot, and the moon hung regiment and with another from Ken- in the heavens like a great ball of fire. tucky.

somehow that they had claims on me which the others did not possess. The individual was lost in that great. crowded camp, and those with whom I talked of the Turpins did not seem to know them. But I was destined to hear news of my friends much somer than I thought.

I had been sent to division headquar ters one day with a message from my colonel. As I stepped under the awning of the tent I saw an officer in a major's uniform sitting at a table reading some reports. The face was partially in shadow, but I saw at once that it was Bud.

How much he knew I did not know. I was eager to learn. He saw me before I spoke, and, not waiting, as I had done, he leaped from the table, scattering the contents over the floor, and rushed to me with arms outstretched Impulsively he threw one arm around my neck and with the other grasped my hand. He saw how deep my feel ing was and did not speak at once.

"Bud," I asked finally, "how are all at the Pines?" It was the question which was most natural to my lips. for I had been hungering, yet dreading, to hear news of them.

"About the same. Nothing ever changes there." he said.

"Your father and mother?" I asked. "Both are well, thank God!" "And Miss Ellen?" I ventured

For a moment his face clouded when he told me she was not like what she used to be. Then suddenly, as if some idea had shot across his mind for the first time, he dropped my hand and, looking me squarely in the

face, said: "She has never been the same since you were there." He seemed suddenly to stiffen with dignity as he added: "Palmer, if I thought your visit there had wrought this change heaven only knows what I would do. Before taking my hand again answer me honestly, Palmer, did you trifle with my little sister when you were with us at the

Pines? "Before God I did not!" I cried. "She rejected my love, and that is why I left so suddenly. I will tell you all about it, Bud, as I wanted to do before I left," I said.

"I believe you, Palmer," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder again.



He Rushed to Me With Arms Outstretched

"But keep your secret, whatever it may be, for it is bers also, and you have no right to betray it." I grasped his hand again and stood

looking out into the dusty camp street and over the hills in the distance. "Who is with them?" I asked pres-

"My younger brother, little Brent. He is keeping the family alive while I am may not know how we feel about this filled with tears sort of thing down here," he added, "but to us it is quite as dear as life itself."

He then told me that it was Miss Eilen who had urged him to go to the front and who had given him the strength to leave the Pines. From his colonel I learned afterward that he had enlisted as a private, but was soon given a commission for an excellent record, and he owed his present place to his ability to handle men and not

to political influences After that first meeting we saw each other daily, and when not on duty together we would fight our pipes and wander through the dusty and fever stricken streets, smoke and talk of home, but never did we speak of Ellen, though she was constantly in my thoughts and I believe in her brother's

Disease had broken out in camp, and Just as the midnight hour was called We mingled with one another from I heard some one in the direction of the first on friendly terms; we shared the Kentucky regiment, that lay across one another's rations and nursed one the road from us, begin to whistie

the "Old Kentucky Home." The notes with an outstretched hand, for I felt fell sweet and clear across the tented field. Before he had finished a bar some one took up the tune and whistled a second. One after another joined in the melody, and finally there was hardly a man in the regiment, so it seemed to me, who was not whistling. It died away as suddenly as it had been inspired, and I think the camp slept with sweeter rest for having heard the serenade. I fell into a fitful sleep and waked to partial consciousness only when reveille was sounded.

I made an effort to rise, but fell back. too weak to move again. The surgeon came in shortly after that and took my temperature. It was with a sickening sense of humiliation that I heard him say that it was a bad case of fever. Before I could be moved Bud came in. and I learned afterward that he feared I would be taken down. I turned my eyes to him in mute appeal. He touched my hand kindly, and I drew him

"If I should die, Bud, will you tell Miss Ellen that I have always loved her and that my last thoughts were of her?" I said in a half whisper,

He pressed my hand for an answer and placed his other on my fevered temple. I beard him ask the doctor to let him have charge of this patient. "His life is dearer than my own," he said. I saw the surgeon nod his head and heard him add that it would take great nursing to pull me through.

It was the last thing I remember for many a day. I heard afterward how he nursed me; how he slept by my cot at night and sat by it all day. Afterward he told me that I talked only of the Pines in my delirium, and for the first time he had learned that it was I who had taken up the mortgage and reduced the interest. The day came when the surgeons despaired of my life, and then it was that he telegraphed his sister. I have that faded bit of paper on which he wrote the message framed and hanging over my desk and underneath it her answer.

"Lieutenant Palmer lying at point of death. Your name incessantly on his lips. Don't come if you think best, but it might save his life," was what he

The answer was even shorter. It read simply, "Keep him alive until I leach there."

They told me that her nursing saved my life. One touch from her hand and my delirium would subside, and, though I lay unconscious for days, she took little rest, and when she would lie down it was Bud who would take her place at my side.

One morning just after orders came for my regiment to start for Cuba my eyes opened to the world and my senses returned. Bud was by my side. I knew then that Miss Ellen had been there, for the influence of her presence was with me still.

"Where is she?" I asked. "Getting a little needed rest," he answered. "The crisis was passed last night, and she knows you are saved to

The big, strong fellow could stand it no longer. He knelt by my bed and. holding my hand, buried his face in the covering. I knew that he was weeping for very joy for his sister. I turned over wearily and laid my hand on his head.

"Bud," I whispered, "has she forgiven?

"Yes, Howard," he said. "She has cold you so berself many a time in the long watches of the night."

I lapsed into unconsciousness again, and when I awoke Miss Ellen was by my side. She it was who told me that my regiment was going and held my hand in sympathy, for she knew how it would burt me to be left behind. She read me the president's noble words of praise for the men who had answered to the call for troops and. drawing from her pocket a little slip of paper, read me what the executive had to say of those who had fallen ill with fever and who had served their country only in the camp. It was only a short message from our president in answer to an invitation to come to Chickamauga, but it cheered many a poor fellow who, as I, lay stricken with the fever and who was forced to doing what I can to keep alive its repu- see his comrades march away to duty tation," he said with an attempt at at the front. It was the message just humor that cut me like a knife. "You as it came, and as she read it her eyes



When I Awoke, Miss Ellen Side.

Executive Mansion, Washington.

Major General Commanding Camp Thom-

as, Chickemauga:
Replying to your invitation, I beg to say that it would give me great pleasure to show by a personal visit to Chickemauga park my high regard for the 40,000 troops of your command who so patriotically responded to the call for volunteers and who have been for upward of two months making ready for any service and sacrifice the country might require. My duties, however, will not admit of absence from Washington at this time. The highest tribute that can be paid to the soldier is to say that he performed his full duty. The field of duty is determined by his government, and wherever that chances to be is the place of honor. All have helped in the great cause, whether with fever in camp or in battle, and when peace comes all will be alike entitled to the nation's gratifule.

the nation's gratitude, WILLIAM M'KINLEY. After that she talked to me of the Pines, and then it was she told me she had never read my letters to her, that was afraid she might forgive me and that she did not want to do that even in her heart. When I was strong enough to sit up I was given a leave, and it was Miss Ellen berself who undertook to make all arrangements for my journey to the Pines, for it was there that I wanted to go to recuper-Finally the day came when my regiment was to move. I was propped up with pillows that I might see it break camp and march away.

"Ellen," I said as I saw the last company, the one to which I belonged, fall into fours, "but for you I could not stand that," pointing to the retreating regiment.

She turned to me, and, making a low courtesy, as she had done that April night now many months ago, she said, smiling all the while through her tears:

"You were not made for a soldier. my lord. You have been forced to lay aside the sword. You must take up the pen again."

And then I knew for the first time that she, had not only forgiven me, but that at last she had understood.

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